

<p>"Safeword, Chapter One" The Full Script for Y #18 Prepared for Vertigo Comics June 30, 2003</p>	
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Page One

Page One, Panel One

We open with this close-up of YORICK BROWN, age *eight* (or so). It's 1989. He has braces and a stupid haircut, but he's still our Yorick.

- 1) Someone's Voice (from off): Yorick *always* gets to be last!

Page One, Panel Two

White text, black background, etc.

- 2) White text on black background:

Cleveland, Ohio
Fifteen Years Ago

Page One, Panel Three

Pull out for this largest panel of the page, at least a half-SPLASH. We can now see that we're inside of a "retirement home". ELDERLY WOMEN are shuffling along, playing bridge in the background, etc., but there should be no elderly *males* in this shot. Standing outside of a doorway to one of the nursing facility rooms are Yorick, HERO, and their father, PROFESSOR BROWN (the bearded guy we saw in a photo back in Issue #11, I think). Hero is twelve or eleven here, and she's throwing a little fit. Prof. Brown is trying to calm her down. Watching this confrontation with interest is Yorick, whom we can now see is wearing an oversized purple T-shirt with a picture of Jack Nicholson as the Joker on the front of it. *[Will, please give us a heads-up now if that will be a problem with legal or anything. This is actually an important bit of costuming, since this story is about "Yorick the Jester" in a lot of ways.]*

- 3) Hero: How come *he* can't go in first?

4) Prof. Brown: Hero, I'm not asking you to charge into battle against King Charles' cavalry.

- 5) Prof. Brown: I just want you to say hello to your *grandfather*.

Page Two

Page Two, Panel One

Push in closer on the Professor and his daughter, who almost looks frightened here.

1) Prof. Brown: You know he gets confused if we all try to talk with him at the same--

2) Hero: I don't care!

3) Hero: I... I don't even *like* him! He always tries to touch my--

Page Two, Panel Two

Cut over to Yorick, nobly volunteering.

4) Yorick: It's okay, Dad.

5) Yorick: I can go in first.

Page Two, Panel Three

This largest panel of the page can be from Hero's point-of-view. The Professor affectionately musses Yorick's hair as he addresses his off-panel daughter. Now that his father isn't looking, Yorick crosses his eyes and sticks out his tongue at the off-panel Hero.

6) Prof. Brown: There's a brave soldier.

7) Prof. Brown: He didn't even need a St. Crispin's Day speech to get *him* onto the front line.

Page Two, Panel Four

This is just a shot of the pissed-off young Hero, crossing her arms and muttering under her breath.

8) Hero (small, under her breath): I hope you both get *AIDS*.

Page Two, Panel Five

We're behind Yorick here, cheated so we can see some of his expression, as he knocks on the frame of the open door. Inside this room, we can see an elderly man in the background. He's seated with his back to us, and we can't see his face. He's apparently staring out the window. This shot should be creepy and ominous, Pia.

9) Yorick: Hello?

10) Yorick: Grampy...?

Page Three

Page Three, Panel One

Change angles for this largest panel of the page. We're now in the foreground with Yorick's gruff, eighty-year-old GRANDFATHER. In the background, Yorick cautiously steps into the dimly lit room.

- 1) Yorick: It's me.
- 2) Yorick: Yorick.
- 3) Grandpa: Yorick *who*?

Page Three, Panel Two

Push in closer on the two, as "Grampy" smiles and turns to greet his smirking grandchild.

- 4) Yorick: Ha ha, hilarious.
- 5) Grandpa: Come here, ya little bastard. What brings you to this dump?
- 6) Yorick: Mom's in town for campaign stuff, remember?

Page Three, Panel Three

Change angles, as a curious Yorick interrogates his surly elder. Please leave some room between them for this exchange:

- 7) Yorick: Hey, how come there are so many women in here?
- 8) Grandpa: 'Cause women live longer than men.
- 9) Yorick: Why?
- 10) Grandpa: 'Cause they suck all the goddamn life out of us.

Page Three, Panel Four

Similar framing, but now Yorick's frail grandfather becomes fairly irate.

- 11) Yorick: Oh.
- 12) Yorick: Well, it must be cool to be, like, the only guy with so many girls all over the place.
- 13) Grandpa: You *crazy*? It's hell on earth! Ain't nothing worse than ladies in numbers.

(one more...)

Page Three, Panel Five

And we end with this portentous close-up of Yorick's grandfather, as he warns:

14) Grandpa: Someday, you'll understand...

Page Four

Page Four, Panel One

Cut to the present day for this close-up of a clean-shaven ADULT YORICK. He has the hood of his dark blue poncho up, but no gas mask on. He's screaming at the top of his lungs.

1) Yorick: AHHHHH!

Page Four, Panel Two

What's black and white and a recurring panel gimmick that this writer seemingly never tires of?

2) White text on black background:

**Allenspark, Colorado
Now**

Page Four, Panel Three

Pull out to the largest panel of the page, at least a half-SPLASH. We're in the foreground with the still-screaming Yorick, who we can now see is sitting behind AGENT 355 on a large two-passenger ATV (something like: <http://www.cubsdnresort.com/images/atv.jpg>). Tied to the front of this speeding all-terrain vehicle is a pet carrier, which we will eventually learn houses a sickly Ampersand.

More importantly, we can see that 355 and Yorick are currently being pursued by THREE COWGIRLS ON HORSEBACK, all carrying rifles and wearing sheriff stars. The lead cowgirl is a Native American woman named TAD. Next to her is an angry white girl named JANE. And riding a beautiful black stallion is an African-American cowgirl named SONNY.

It's early afternoon now, and we're in the middle of a gorgeous open field. There are woods to either side of our riders, and we can see the Rocky Mountains in the background (great reference at: <http://www.sombrero.com/allen.html>). Oh, and we should now be able to tell that Yorick is screaming with *excitement*, not fear.

Have fun with this, pardner!

3) Yorick: This is fucking *sweet*!

Page Five

Page Five, Panel One

Change angles for this profile shot of 355 and the hooded Yorick, on top of their speeding ATV.

- 1) Yorick: We're being chased by a *posse*!
- 2) Yorick: Of *cowgirls*!
- 3) Agent 355: Shut up, Yorick!

Page Five, Panel Two

Pull out to the largest panel of the page as we reveal that 355 is riding next to DR. MANN, who is awkwardly driving her own (smaller) ATV. She's wearing a helmet that covers much of her face.

- 4) Agent 355: Dr. Mann, keep up!
- 5) Dr. Mann: I'm trying, goddammit!
- 6) Dr. Mann: I learned how to drive this goddamn thing *yesterday*!

Page Five, Panel Three

Cut back to the pursuing cowgirls, as Tad orders the African-American Sonny to raise her rifle (http://images.send.com/Western_Blank_Pistols_Rifles.jpg).

- 7) Tad: Sonny, take 'em!

Page Five, Panel Four

This is just a shot of Sonny, as she FIRES at the off-panel women she's pursuing.

- 8) SFX: *BLAM*

Page Six

Page Six, Panel One

Cut to the helmeted Dr. Mann, as one of the front tires of her ATV suddenly EXPLODES.

1) SFX: *SPAK*

Page Six, Panel Two

Change angles, as the ATV pitches forward and LAUNCHES Dr. Mann over its handlebars.

No Copy

Page Six, Panel Three

Change angles for this largest panel of the page. We're with the fallen and seemingly lifeless Dr. Mann in the extreme foreground of this shot. In the background, 355 breaks hard and brings the ATV screeching to a sideways halt. Yorick screams in horror.

2) Yorick: DOC!

Page Six, Panel Four

Push in on Yorick and 355, as they both hop off of the vehicle. We can see some dense woods in the immediate background. Yorick looks concerned, but 355 screams for him to get moving, while she starts to take the pet carrier off of the front of the ATV.

3) Agent 355: I'll take care of her! Go! Hide in the woods!

4) Yorick: But Ampersand--

5) Agent 355: I've got him, just *run* already!

Page Seven

Page Seven, Panel One

We're behind Agent 355 now, cheated so we can see some of her concerned expression. She's holding the pet carrier now, and she's approaching the unmoving Dr. Mann.

- 1) Agent 355: Dr. Mann?
- 2) Agent 355: *Allison?* Are you...?

Page Seven, Panel Two

This is just a shot of the winded Dr. Mann, as she sits up and starts to remove her helmet.

- 3) Dr. Mann: I'm... I'm all right, 355.
- 4) Dr. Mann: I *told* you these dorky things save...

Page Seven, Panel Three

Pull out for this largest panel of the page. We're behind Dr. Mann here, as she finishes taking off her helmet (maybe she's still on one knee). Behind her, 355 has turned around to see what both women are now staring at: the super-posse. The three cowgirls have just stopped their horses in front of Mann and 355, and they have their rifles aimed at both women.

- 5) Dr. Mann: ...lives?

Page Seven, Panel Four

This is just a badass close-up of Tad, the Native American leader of these marshals.

- 6) Tad: Tell us where the third gal in your little raiding party went off to... or we start shooting more than *tires*.

Page Eight

Page Eight, Panel One

Change angles for this shot of 355 and the now-standing Dr. Mann. 355 holds up the sealed animal carrier as evidence, and Dr. Mann nervously tries to back up her friend's story.

1) Agent 355: I think your eyes were playing tricks on you, sheriff. There are only two of us, and we *aren't* here to steal your cattle.

2) Agent 355: We're trying to reach St. Joseph's Hospital in Denver so we can get some antibiotics for our *pet*.

3) Dr. Mann: He, uh, *she* got a bad cut on her arm a few days back, and I'm pretty sure it's *infected*. But if we had known this was private property--

Page Eight, Panel Two

Change anglers for this shot of the three cowgirls, as they deftly DISMOUNT their horses.

4) Jane: Ain't nothing private about it. Land barons went extinct same time all the fellas did. This earth belongs to any woman wants to set foot on it.

5) Sonny: Any woman 'cept *Amazons*, that is.

Page Eight, Panel Three

Cut back to Dr. Mann and 355. Mann is visibly stunned by this accusation, while 355 uses her free hand to calmly reach inside of her jacket for something.

6) Dr. Mann: *Amazons*?

7) Agent 355: I'm afraid you're confused. I'm actually--

Page Eight, Panel Four

Change angles for this largest panel of the page, as Jane uses the butt of her rifle to SMASH 355 in the mouth.

8) Agent 355: Uhn!

Page Eight, Panel Five

This is just a menacing extreme close-up of 355, her gritted teeth now stained red with blood. She's trying her best not to hulk out.

9) Agent 355: That was... *unnecessary*.

Page Nine

Page Nine, Panel One

Pull out for this shot of 355 and the dubious Tad.

- 1) Agent 355: I was simply reaching for identification. I'm a *federal agent*.
- 2) Tad: Federal agent of *what*?
- 3) Agent 355: Technically, my organization is classified, but the President has authorized me to--

Page Nine, Panel Two

Cut over to Sonny and Jane, who both look impatient.

- 4) Sonny: Save that bullshit for the magistrates.
- 5) Jane: Yeah, we been warned about your kind... mutilatin' your own teats, tearing around on motorcycles, stealing food from defenseless women.

Page Nine, Panel Three

This is just a shot of Dr. Mann, screaming in protest.

- 6) Dr. Mann: You people have no *clue* what you're talking about!
- 7) Dr. Mann: We're *not* Daughters of the Amazon!

Page Nine, Panel Four

And this is just a close-up of Tad, as she matter-of-factly says:

- 8) Tad: Prove it.
- 9) Tad: Show us your breasts.

Page Nine, Panel Five

Pull out to this largest panel of the page for a group shot of Mann, 355 and the three cowgirls (who have all walked away from their off-panel horses).

- 10) Dr. Mann: *What*?
- 11) Tad: Relax, we're not homosexuals. Besides, if you're telling the truth, you ain't got nothing we haven't all seen--
- 12) Someone's Voice (from off): Reach for the sky, pardners!

Page Ten

Page Ten, Panel One

Change angles for this largest panel of the page, at least a half-SPLASH. We're looking at the horses here, and we can now see that Yorick is standing next to the black stallion. He has a decent-sized BOWIE KNIFE pressed to the neck of the frightened animal. No longer wearing his hood, Yorick is now covering his mouth with a red bandana, bandit-style. He's holding the black horse hostage by its reigns.

1) Yorick: Or I turn Black Beauty here into a prop from *The Godfather*.

Page Ten, Panel Two

Cut over to 355 and Mann. Mann looks baffled by this development, but 355 rolls her eyes knowingly.

2) Agent 355 (small, annoyed): Mother of Christ...

Page Ten, Panel Three

Cut over to the three cowgirls. Tad is calmly formulating a plan, while Sonny screams in fear at the thought of something happening to her precious horse. Jane raises her rifle and aims it at the off-panel Yorick.

3) Sonny: Buttercup!

4) Jane: Butch, you so much as knick that horse, I kill you *and* your girlfriends.

Page Eleven

Page Eleven, Panel One

This is just a shot of the bandana-clad Yorick.

- 1) Yorick: What do I care?
- 2) Yorick: We breastless Amazons *ache* for the sweet embrace of Mother Oblivion.

Page Eleven, Panel Two

Cut back to the cowgirls. Jane and Tad look confused, but Sonny is still screaming in fear.

- 3) Jane: Say *what*?
- 4) Tad: Girl ain't right in the head.
- 5) Sonny: Buttercup!

Page Eleven, Panel Three

Cut back to Yorick, as he threatens to PLUNGE his knife into the throat of the captive steed.

- 6) Yorick: Last chance, hand over your weapons to my associates.
- 7) Yorick: Three... *two*...

Page Eleven, Panel Four

Pull out to the largest panel of the page for a group shot of the whole crowd, as the three cowgirls reluctantly hand over their firearms to 355 and Dr. Mann (who looks extremely uncomfortable holding the two rifles she's just been handed). Tad keeps her eyes on Yorick as she relinquishes her weapon, while Jane curses under her breath.

- 8) Tad: All right, all right!
- 9) Tad: Just... just take her easy.
- 10) Jane (small, under her breath): Bitch.

Page Eleven, Panel Five

This is just a kick-ass shot of 355, COCKING one of the old-fashioned rifles (by pulling down that lever-thing *underneath* the trigger). She looks hungry for revenge.

- 11) Agent 355: Now then.

Page Twelve

Page Twelve, Panel One

Pull out to the largest panel of the page for this group shot. The cowgirls flinch as 355 FIRES the rifle... into the *air*. This causes the three horses to GALLOP AWAY at top speed.

1) SFX: *BLAM*

Page Twelve, Panel Two

Change angles, as 355 starts to load Ampersand's carrying case and the rifles onto the ATV. Behind her, Jane looks confused.

2) Agent 355: You've got about a two-hour walk back to civilization.

3) Agent 355: I'll leave your weapons with the first reputable trading post we pass.

4) Jane: You mean... you women *ain't* Amazons?

Page Twelve, Panel Three

We're behind Dr. Mann in the foreground of this shot, cheated so we can see some of her annoyed expression. We can clearly tell that she's opening her shirt to bare her breasts to the stunned cowgirls in the background, though we shouldn't actually *see* her Dr. Mammaries. (Sorry...)

5) Dr. Mann: Do these look mutilated to you, you ignorant shitheads?

Page Twelve, Panel Four

This is just a small shot of Yorick (still wearing his bandana).

6) Yorick (small, under his breath): Jeez.

7) Yorick (small, under his breath): So much for protecting a lady's dignity...

Page Thirteen

Page Thirteen, Panel One

Cut to a few hours later for this page-wide, wide-angle establishing shot (the sun is starting to set in the distance). We can see our crew's ATV parked overlooking a cliff. 355, Mann and Yorick (standing around the vehicle) can just be tiny figures in this shot.

No Copy

Page Thirteen, Panel Two

Push in on the trio for this largest panel of the page. On our left, Yorick is cradling an ailing Ampersand, who is howling in pain. Next to him, 355 is consulting a large foldout map of Colorado. Dr. Mann can be sitting on the parked ATV behind them.

1) Ampersand: *ooooooo*

2) Yorick: I think Ampersand's getting worse, 355. Are we almost there?

3) Agent 355: You're not going to the hospital, Yorick. Not after that crap you pulled back there.

Page Thirteen, Panel Three

Change angles for this shot of an indignant Yorick and 355, who calmly looks up from her map.

4) Yorick: *What?* I save your lives, and you punish my *monkey*? He's gonna *die* without medicine!

5) Agent 355: You didn't save our lives, you needlessly risked your own... *again*.

6) Agent 355: Anyway, Dr Mann and I are still taking Ampersand to St. Joseph's. We're just not bringing *you* with us.

Page Thirteen, Panel Four

Change angles for this shot of Mann and 355, who are both looking at the off-panel Yorick.

7) Dr. Mann: If that Pony Express chick we met in Nebraska was telling the truth, St. Joe's is guarded like Area 51.

8) Dr. Mann: Getting my hands on more Augmentin is going to take patience, diplomacy and finesse.

9) Agent 355: Qualities you've never even *heard* of.

(one more...)

Page Thirteen, Panel Five

This is just a small shot of Yorick, looking genuinely worried.

10) Yorick: So you're... you're just going to *leave* me?

Page Fourteen

Page Fourteen, Panel One

Change angles for this shot of 355 and Mann, as 355 returns to her map.

- 1) Agent 355: Not by yourself.
- 2) Agent 355: I didn't want to do this, but I have a colleague who lives a few miles from here.
- 3) Dr. Mann: A Culper Ring agent?

Page Fourteen, Panel Two

Change angles for this shot of 355, and the now-pleading Yorick, still cradling his sickly pet.

- 4) Agent 355: *Ex-Culper*.
- 5) Agent 355: She took a permanent leave of absence after her husband-slash-partner was assassinated by *17 November*.
- 6) Yorick: Wait, I don't want to stay with some shell-shocked *widow*! Please! I promise, I'll be on my best behavior! I--

Page Fourteen, Panel Three

Similar framing, but now Yorick looks more skeptical than alarmed.

- 7) Agent 355: Yorick, I've known this woman since she was *nine*. We were in the same orphanage when we were both recruited.
- 8) Agent 355: Agent 711 has saved my ass almost as often as I've saved hers. You'll be fine.
- 9) Yorick: Hold on, her codename is seriously *711*? Man, how many guys used to ask if she's "open all night"?

Page Fourteen, Panel Four

This is just a close-up of Agent 355, looking deadly serious.

- 10) Agent 355: 711 was *General Washington's* codename during the Revolutionary War. That designation was awarded to my friend after she helped save the world from nuclear annihilation.
- 11) Agent 355: If you make a single crack at her expense, I will rip off your penis with a claw hammer.

(one more...)

Page Fourteen, Panel Five

Pull out for this largest panel of the page, as 355 walks towards us in the foreground. Behind her in the background, Yorick looks understandably nervous.

12) Agent 355: Saddle up.

Page Fifteen

Page Fifteen, Panel One

Cut to later that night (the sun has set now) for this page-wide establishing shot of a small cabin nestled in the woods of Colorado. We can see a woman sitting in a rocking chair on the porch, reading by the light of a Coleman gas lamp. We'll eventually learn that this is AGENT 711, a former Culper Ring operative in her late twenties (somewhat conservatively dressed). Maybe she can look like your original design for 355, Pia, back when she was a raven-haired white girl?

No Copy

Page Fifteen, Panel Two

Change angles for this largest panel of the page. We're with a stunned Agent 711 in the foreground of this shot, as she rises to greet the approaching Agent 355 and her two companions (Yorick is still holding Ampersand, and he has his hood up again).

- 1) Agent 711: Oh my god.
- 2) Agent 711: 355?
- 3) Agent 355: Long time, 711.

Page Fifteen, Panel Three

Change angles, as 355 and 711 rush towards each other and EMBRACE.

No Copy

Page Fifteen, Panel Four

Similar framing, but now the two women pull apart and look at each other. Please leave some room between them for this rapid-fire exchange:

- 4) Agent 711: 1033?
- 5) Agent 355: He's dead. 241 and 853, too. *All* of the primes, obviously.
- 6) Agent 711: I can't imagine, 355. I'm still not over 1451.

Page Fifteen, Panel Five

Cut over to Dr. Mann and Yorick, who are eavesdropping on this bizarre dialogue.

7) Dr. Mann: We live in profoundly strange times.

8) Yorick: Yep.

Page Sixteen

Page Sixteen, Panel One

This is just a shot of 355, as she gestures at her off-panel friends.

- 1) Agent 355: 711, these are my new charges.
- 2) Agent 355: My *friends*.

Page Sixteen, Panel Two

Change angles, as 355 introduces 711 to Mann. 711 warmly shakes the doctor's hand, but Mann just stares at her icily.

- 3) Agent 355: Dr. Allison Mann, bioengineer out of Boston. If anyone can figure out what caused the Plague, it's *her*.
- 4) Agent 711: Pleasure.
- 5) Dr. Mann: Mn.

Page Sixteen, Panel Three

Change angles again, as 355 introduces Yorick, who nonchalantly waves with his free hand (the one not cradling Ampersand).

- 6) Agent 355: And this, as far as we know, is the last man on earth.
- 7) Yorick: Hiya.

Page Sixteen, Panel Four

Pull out to the largest panel of the page, as a floored 711 inspects the suddenly uncomfortable Yorick. 355 watches in the background

- 8) Agent 711: Is... is this some kind of *joke*?
- 9) Agent 355: That's what *I* keep asking myself.

Page Sixteen, Panel Five

Change angles for this shot of the two Culper agents, as 711 turns to talk with 355. Her question clearly makes 355 uneasy.

- 10) Agent 711: *How?*

11) Agent 711: Does... does this have something to do with the Amulet of *Helene*?

12) Agent 355: Ah, actually, maybe we should speak in *private*, 711...

Page Seventeen

Page Seventeen, Panel One

Pull out for this largest panel of the page. We're with Yorick and Mann in the foreground of this shot, as they watch 711 and 355 walk into the shadows in the background in order to speak in private.

- 1) Yorick: Well, she seems... *nice*.
- 2) Dr. Mann: I guess.
- 3) Dr. Mann: Reminds me of one of my *exes*. Dumped me the night before my fucking MCAT.

Page Seventeen, Panel Two

Change angles for this shot of an emotionless Dr. Mann and the puzzled Yorick. (I'm picturing these next four panels all being equal-sized page-wide letterbox shots, but as always, stick with what you think works best).

- 4) Yorick: Hold on, *she* reminds you of an *ex-boyfriend*?
- 5) Dr. Mann: That's not what I said.
- 6) Yorick: Yes, you did! You just...

Page Seventeen, Panel Three

Exact same framing, but now Yorick falls silent.

No Copy

Page Seventeen, Panel Four

Exact same framing, but now Yorick's jaw drops as a light bulb goes off over his head. He shouldn't look disgusted, just surprised.

- 7) Yorick: Get out!
- 8) Yorick: You're telling me I've been traveling with you for a *year*, and I never even figured out that you were... you know...

Page Seventeen, Panel Five

Exact same framing one last time, as Mann and Yorick exchange two tiny (nearly imperceptible!) smiles.

- 9) Dr. Mann: Yes, well, I suppose we can add *gaydar* to the extraordinary number of common senses you seem to lack.

Page Eighteen

Page Eighteen, Panel One

Pull out to the largest panel of the page. We're with Mann and Yorick in the foreground of this shot, as they turn to see 355 and 711 walking out of the shadows in the background. 711 is now holding a small black journal.

1) Agent 355: All right, Doctor, I think we're ready to ride.

2) Agent 355: 711 has kindly offered to look after Yorick until we return.

Page Eighteen, Panel Two

Change angles for this shot of Yorick and Mann, as Yorick reluctantly hands the weary Ampersand over to the doctor.

3) Yorick: Come back with a healthy monkey, or don't come back at all.

4) Dr. Mann: Like you could live without me.

Page Eighteen, Panel Three

Change angles for this shot of 355 and Yorick, as she says goodbye to the suddenly troubled young man.

5) Agent 355: Be good, 'Rick.

6) Agent 355: I've left my journals with 711, just so she knows what she'll be dealing with.

7) Yorick: You... you keep a *journal*?

Page Eighteen, Panel Four

Change angles again, as Yorick and 711 watch their off-panel companions depart.

8) Agent 711: Why don't you come inside, Mr. Brown?

Page Eighteen, Panel Five

This is just an alluring close-up of 711, as she looks at us and arches an eyebrow.

9) Agent 711: I have something you might like to see.

Page Nineteen

Page Nineteen, Panel One

Cut to later that night for a different page-wide establishing shot of 711's cabin. There's smoke coming out of its small chimney here.

1) From Cabin: Holy crap!

Page Nineteen, Panel Two

Cut inside for this largest panel of the page. We're now inside of an expansive study that is lined from floor to ceiling with a billion and a half books. Yorick is awestruck by this sight, which makes his hostess smile. Yorick and 711 are both holding tea cups here.

2) Yorick: It's Paradise City!

3) Agent 711: They belonged to my husband. You're welcome to borrow as many as you like.

4) Yorick: You are a *goddess*. When I left Brooklyn, all I took with me was a copy of *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*. It's my girlfriend Beth's favorite book, but I have a short attention span for--

Page Nineteen, Panel Three

Change angles on the two, as Yorick suddenly notices a hardcover book on one of the shelves. He's pulling it out with a free hand here.

5) Yorick: Hey, *The Day of the Locust*!

6) Yorick: This is the greatest novel of all time!

7) Agent 711: Is that Nathaniel West? Never read him. I've always preferred *poetry* to prose.

Page Nineteen, Panel Four

Push in closer on the two, as Yorick looks down at the book. 711 is looking at him the way a therapist looks at a patient.

8) Yorick: Oh, it's got the most hilarious character ever, this guy named *Homer Simpson*.

9) Yorick (small, an aside): And this was written about fifty years before the cartoon, mind you.

10) Yorick: Homer's this awkward, naïve shut-in who's uncomfortable with his own sexuality. The book's about how he leaves his life of solitude to go to California.

11) Agent 711: And what does he hope to find there, Yorick?

Page Twenty

Page Twenty, Panel One

This is just a shot of Yorick, nervously talking as he sips from his teacup. Gulp, gulp, gulp...

1) Yorick: Huh? Oh, nothing, really. He just wants to *die*.

2) Yorick: I know that doesn't *sound* funny, but it is... and sad, and brilliant, and...

Page Twenty, Panel Two

Pull out to the largest panel of the page, as Yorick groggily lowers the teacup from his mouth. All of the color has drained from his face. 711 stares into the boy's half-mast eyes.

3) Yorick: ...and I... I think I'm gonna be *sick*.

4) Agent 711: No you're not, Yorick.

5) Agent 711: Just look into my eyes and listen to these words. You're familiar with *haiku*, aren't you...?

Page Twenty, Panels Three through Seven

Okay, Pia, please don't get freaked out by the number of panels we have on this page! The next seventeen panels should all be literally the size of postage stamps in the final comic, so keep 'em small. We're essentially turning the lower 50% of this page into a graphic haiku. In this first tier, there are five panels, all with the same shot of 711's head from Yorick's P.O.V. 711 will say one word in each panel:

6) Agent 711: The

7) Agent 711: days

8) Agent 711: are

9) Agent 711: long

10) Agent 711: now

(continued...)

Page Twenty, Panels Eight through Fourteen

Second tier will have seven panels (again with one word in each), as 711's face becomes progressively more distorted.

- 11) Agent 711: Flies
- 12) Agent 711: born
- 13) Agent 711: in
- 14) Agent 711: shit
- 15) Agent 711: spread
- 16) Agent 711: new
- 17) Agent 711: wings

Page Twenty, Panels Fifteen through Nineteen

And this last tier will have five panels. 711's distorted face will get progressively darker, until we reach the final panel, which will be entirely **black**, and should ideally blend into this page's solid black background.

- 18) Agent 711: It's
- 19) Agent 711: your
- 20) Agent 711: turn
- 21) Agent 711: to
- 22) Agent 711 (tailless): sleep

Page Twenty-one

Page Twenty-one, Panel One

Cut to an hour later for this close-up of an exhausted Yorick, as he struggles to open one eye. A little drool is coming out of his mouth. We're not playing this for laughs, so Yorick should look genuinely *awful*.

1) Yorick (small, groggy): Ghh.

Page Twenty-one, Panel Two

Okay, Clem, lettered into the center of this black panel is white text, but instead of a location caption, it's this line of dialogue (which should be in the same font/size as our standard location captions):

2) White text on black background:

Yorick, you need to wake up.

Page Twenty-one, Panel Three

Pull out to this largest panel of the page, at least a half-SPLASH. We're in some kind of dark, dank cellar now, where Yorick is trussed in the most elaborate Japanese rope bondage set-up in the history of the art. All of the reference you found is amazing, Pia, but I particularly liked the ones where the subject is completely suspended over the floor (though Yorick's head should be pulled back so that it's looking at "us" here). Either way, he should be completely naked, with his genitals covered by shadows or ropes (as I don't think we can get away with full-frontal male nudity). Again, this needs to be shocking and unpleasant.

3) Yorick (small, groggy): Loud... so loud in my *head*...

4) Someone's Voice (from off): Shut your fucking *mouth*, jester. The fun and games are over...

Page Twenty-two

Page Twenty-two, SPLASH

Cut over to the entrance of this cellar for this three-quarter SPLASH (please leave some negative space at the bottom of our page for the credits and title). Standing here is Agent 711, who's now wearing an extraordinary DOMINATRIX OUTFIT (this should be a nice full-figure shot, thigh-high boots and all). Go with whatever leather/latex/etc. floats your boat, Pia, but I really think we should put her in one of those underwire push-up bustiers that leaves the breasts exposed, since we've held off showing any female nudity until now, and this is certainly the moment to make it count. Either way, 711 should also be holding a whip (or some instrument of torture), and she looks like she could dish out more punishment than any one man could survive. Keeping with our darker shift in tone, 711 should *not* be smiling here. Instead, her expression is stern and determined.

1) Agent 711: It's time to get serious.

2) Title:

Safeword chapter one

(credits on next page...)

3) Credits:

Brian K. Vaughan Pia Guerra
Writer/Co-creators/Penciller

Jose Marzan, Jr.
Inker

Clem Robins
Letterer

Pamela Rambo
Colorist

Digital Chameleon
Separations(?)

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